



Billy Roo

By Rubber Duckies





THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC

DIVISION: Middle School

SCHOOL/GROUP: St. Francis Catholic College

TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 3

TEAM ID: 1313

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Surfer

Primary character 2 Radio presenter

Non-human character Kangaroo

Setting Restaurant

Issue Laboratory experiment goes wrong

Random words

ruby

melts

shiver

tasty

sponge

Instructions

- Start no earlier than **8am**
- Write an original story:
 - based on all **five parameters** (above)
 - including all **five random words** (above) as written, and in bold type
 - with some identifiable **Australian content** (in theme or setting or characters, etc)
 - keeping within the allowed word count (remember every word on every page counts)!
 - include this parameters form in your book **immediately after the front cover**
- Remember: **Every** word on **every** page counts. This includes your front cover, back cover, blurb, acknowledgements and copyright form.
- **Be sure to give yourself enough time to submit your book and complete the following checklist before 9pm**

Log on to the Team Coordinator Portal to:

- Check the spelling of your team name and team members' names
(how these are spelt on submission will be how they are displayed on certificates)
- Complete the Declaration
- Submit your finished book in **both** PDF and plain text format by 9pm

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Acknowledgment and Dedication

We would like to dedicate this book to all the kids in the hospital, and all the English teachers at St Francis Catholic College, especially Ms. Kezi Todd.

Ms. Todd helped organize the entire Write a Book in a Day for St Francis Catholic College, and we couldn't be more grateful for what she has done for us.

A special shout out to Mr. Woolmer who made all of the group's hot chocolate at 6:46 pm on Wednesday 23/08/2023. We deeply appreciate it. He makes the best hot chocolate.

To all the other teachers who supervised us thank you as well, this event would not have been able to have happened without you.

To our team, thank you for all the hard work you put into this and for making it such an amazing experience. Thanks Monica for helping us with the picture of the kangaroo!

Finally, to the people at the Kids Cancer Project, we love what you do we would like to acknowledge how much effort that is put into all the kids. Thank you.



We would also like to acknowledge all the members of our team,

To our writers Alannah, Erin, Sienna, Maddy, Edie, Lily, Grace, Abbey and Bella

To our illustrators Grace, Lily, Sienna, and Monica .



Prologue

Billy Banks is a 20-year-old man who is currently in university studying marine biology. He really enjoyed the course, or at least he thought he did. He graduated from high school with an ATAR of 95.5, which was a remarkable effort from the teenager. He wanted to be a marine biologist because of how much he loved the ocean. He has been surfing since he was able to walk. He has always entered competitions and has never lost a single one. He has over 100 medals and trophies in his room from his dedication to his sport. He was certain he wanted to help the animals in the ocean, until about 6 months ago. That's when it started, the dreams. He wasn't sure why he was having these dreams. They have been occurring for the past 6 months and at this point, he has had enough. *Billy Banks, the newest member of our competition team. An incredible athlete he was.*

BILLY BANKS HAS ONE THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS AT 20 YEARS OLD! THIS IS HISTORY IN THE MAKING! BILLY BANKS IS THE NEW NAME TO BE REMEMBERED!



Every night he has been dreaming about surfing as a living. Tonight, is the night he decided to do it.

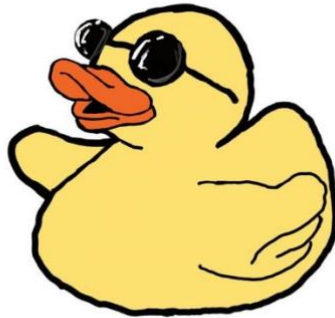
He dropped out of his university course and began entering competitions again. He loved it, he remembered why he loved it and questioned why he ever stopped doing competitions in the first place. He was thrilled at his first win. Overwhelmed, ecstatic, happy, and joyful, every word you could think of was a synonym for happy was coursing through Billy's veins. He couldn't believe it. He won. After not competing for two years, he did it. He ran home and told everyone about his achievements.

They were all disappointed that he had left university and they told him that he made a great mistake.

Billy was going to prove them wrong; he knew it. He had to. He must...



Chapter 1



“WELCOME SURFERS! OUR FIRST SURFER IS BILLY BANKS UP AND OVER THE WAVE AND- OH NO BILLY HAS FALLEN UNDE-” Billy woke up sweating. This was his worst fear, losing. Billy had never lost a surfing competition. Not once! He often had these dreams right before a big comp and he had heard rumors of one coming up. But these nerves only made him more motivated.

He decided to get up. Even state-wide champions get anxious, and he needed to keep his mind distracted if a competition might be happening soon. He got up, had a shower, combed his salty matted hair, and put on his lucky swimming shorts with rubber ducks patterned on them. This brought back a memory of his



childhood when he liked to pretend the rubber ducks in the bath were his friends.
He was a lonely child.

“Hey Buddy!” Billy said to his dog. “Mm you found a bone! **Tasty!**”

Billy got food and water for Buddy, gathered his things, and walked out the door.
He needed to get some air, so he decided to walk to his favorite place, Pearl’s
Seaside Café.

The walk was one he could never forget; he could do it in his sleep! The
beach air drifted around him, the footsteps and laughing of children running.

around in the early summer morning could be heard. He passed his neighbor
Nancy a cheerful 97-year-old cat lady, with pink hair.

“Morning, Billy!” She called out to him.

“Morning, Nancy” He called back.

As he walked for another 10 minutes, he finally reached Pearl’s café.

“Ah, home,” he whispered.

His favorite thing about Pearl’s was that it was only a 10-minute drive from the
beach and a 15-minute walk from his house.



He had gone to that restaurant every day for as long as he could remember. He always got a smoothie for a quick boost before his comps. He walked up to the rusted wood diner, through the curtain on the door with shells stringing down. The inside was very beach themed with shells all over the walls and cheesy quotes like 'live. laugh. beach.'



Chapter 2

As Billy walked closer to order, he saw a sign that hung from the cabinet which contained delicious goods. The sign read:



All new goods and sweets that **melts** in your mouth.

Billy loved trying new foods, especially cake and sweets. While Billy was deciding what to eat and

drink, the lady behind the bench said, “Surfs up, dude, what can I get ya?”

While eating his **sponge** cake, he heard the radio. The same radio station he heard every morning: “Good morning, my name is Craig, and I will be your presenter, and now, a special announcement; a surfing competition! Anyone who is keen, please submit your expression of interest in the restaurant, Pearls Seaside Café. Thank you.”

Billy heard gasps and the thump of footsteps approaching the restaurant. Surfers fought over pens and paper as sign-up sheets were filled. *A surfing competition, Billy thought with excitement. I want to be a part of that.*



Pushing and shoving his way through the crowd. Billy finally had the chance to sign up and prepare for his guaranteed win.

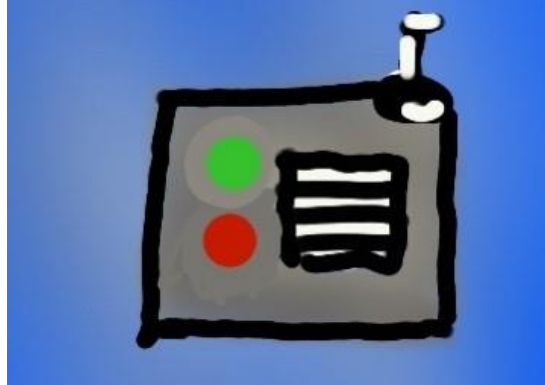
“Billy! Did you sign up? You are bound to win” A fan said as Billy walked past a group of people. Billy couldn’t help but smile with all the talk going on about him. All the talk only made Billy feel ready and confident.

“Let’s go practice for the competition!” One of his surfing friends said. He looked so keen, and so was Billy. Billy always wanted to be catching waves and living the surfer life.

While Billy and his surfing friend started walking towards the beach, he heard waves gushing in from the ocean and birds chirping and singing. He could not help but laugh when the seagulls tried to steal somebody’s picnic, fish, and chips.



Chapter 3



As Billy continued towards the beach, he realized how big the waves were. The beautiful landscape with perfect soft sand made him stop and stare, and it was his lucky day! The beach was almost empty! It looked different today. Calming even. But these waves were going to be hard to get over. This was going to be a workout. Billy had decided to take his mind off the upcoming competition by warming up. Billy thought an effective way to start his warm-up was by running a few laps.

Halfway through his run his mind came back to the competition and the thought of losing hurt him. This made him even more focused to train harder. By lunchtime Billy had run 3 laps around town, the heat from the sun had slightly



burnt his skin but nothing was as bad as the time he came out of the water and his skin was the same color as a lobster. It was so hot, and he was feeling really tired at this point, but he knew that some extra practice would help him with the competition. Billy walked back to the beach, it was only a 10-minute walk, and he thought it would clear his head. He ran into the ocean surfboard in hand, the cold waves rushed over his face.

He was surfing one of the biggest waves he had done today, it could only be seen as a good sign, perfecting a wave like this. Until he began drifting off without noticing, falling into the water.



Chapter 4



“HELP! HELP!” Screamed Billy Banks. He clung to his surfboard, waves crashed into him as he drifted further and further out to sea. He felt lost. Billy slipped into his wetsuit, shivering as he felt the cold water, he swung his leg up onto his surfboard, pulling himself up, so he was lying on top.

A colossal wave knocked onto his surfboard making Billy fly off. Holding his breath as he went under, he felt the icy water nipping at his face. Billy came up for air and started yelling at the wave for pushing him off his board.

“Your stupid wave! Watch where you're going!” Billy yelled, pumping his fist in the air. Billy grabbed his board, holding onto it for dear life as another wave



approached him. He fell backwards but this time he only got a glimpse of a silver tip in the water. He thought nothing of it, other for it to be a surfboard.

Billy swam over to the board in the hope that another would help shield him from the waves annoying him. As he got near the board, it ducked back under the water. Confused, Billy went under after the surfboard, but was only met by menacing blue eyes and sharp pointed teeth. As he swam up, the shark followed suit.

“AHHHH! SHARK! HELP ME! SOMEONE! ANYONE! PLEASE!” Billy screamed. The shark’s teeth sank into his lucky pair of duck shorts. He felt a pinch that made him let out a high pitch scream.

“STUPID SHARK! HELP I NEED HELP!” Billy felt lonely, like he was taken back to his childhood again.

Billy seized his surfboard, holding on for dear life. The shark swam away only to leave Billy with throbbing pain. He kicked his legs in a random direction in the hope that it was the way to the main beach. As Billy swam, his mind kept going back to the moment of meeting the shark face to face. In the distance Billy saw land.



Chapter 5



Billy was found washed up on the shore, his surfboard nowhere to be found. A cold **shiver** was sent down his spine from the unbearable pain of being bit by a shark. Billy couldn't hear anything but the faded sound of sirens. The sun was in his eyes, he could feel the sand he was laying on, it was hot.

“Hey, hey Billy can you hear us.”

“he’s unresponsive, he has significant blood loss.”

“We’re going to have to take him in.”



That was all Billy heard before he faded away. Billy was laying down on a stretcher in the back of an ambulance. He knew this because he heard the sirens, he heard all these medical terms he didn't understand, so he knew this had to be an ambulance. The bumps the van was going over caused the rattling sound of the instruments. The walls of the van were white, it was clean and assuring, knowing he was going somewhere safe he knew he would be fixed, right?

Billy remembered his dream that morning. *My worst fear. Losing the surfing competition, I have never lost a surfing competition in my life. I am so worried that I won't be able to surf again, what about my lucky duck shorts? They must be ripped apart.* Now everything was much worse, now he was not only going to lose the competition, but Billy might never be able to surf again.

He was rolled out of the ambulance, feeling a little clearer, and he could see the ambulance. It wasn't an ambulance it was just a normal white van.

“All right, you okay we will bring you inside now”, A man said.

That voice sounded so familiar, that voice, but then it clicked, it was the radio presenter from earlier this morning.

The radio presenter was taking him inside Pearls Seaside Café, Billy wondered why he was being taken into a café, he needed to go to a hospital.



‘No, not the café. I need a hospital,’ Billy said.

‘You will be okay; I have something that will fix you’ the radio presenter said.



Chapter 6



The men were rushing around everywhere, scrambling around to try and find what they needed. All Billy could hear were the sounds of scuffling feet and the racket of glass vials being knocked around.

“Dr. Craig, I found it!”

One of the men shouted, and everyone rushed to get Billy ready. In the middle of the room lay a white chair, with a mirror attached to the top and a table off to the side. Billy was practically thrown onto the chair in a rush to save his life. Everyone watched as Dr. Craig stepped in front of everyone.

“After years of development and months of waiting for the perfect test subject, we can finally start human trials. Ready everyone?”



Everyone nodded in agreement, signaling Dr. Craig to begin. He grabbed the vile filled with a substance, a cure to shark bites, and poured it into a glass. He walked over to Billy.

“Here, drink this. It’s just some water, you must be thirsty.”

Dr. Craig wasn’t wrong, Billy was thirsty. He wasn’t sure if he should accept.

Hesitantly he took the glass but failed to grasp it correctly. With what little strength he had left due to the blood loss he spoke.

“Can one of you help me? I can’t hold the glass on my own.”

“Of course, how silly of me,” Dr. Craig mentioned, a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

With the assistance of Dr. Craig, Billy took a drink. He felt the cold liquid pouring down his throat and he soon realized this was not water. He tried to spit out the unknown substance, but he was forced to drink the liquid. Once all of it was gone, the men stood back and waited for something, a reaction, anything that could change the current state of Billy. They waited and waited until something strange started occurring. In a panic, not aware of what was happening decided to lock the doors of the lab and watch what happened over the security cameras. They could not believe their eyes. Billy had transformed into a kangaroo! The men were frantic. *How could this happen?* They quickly grabbed another sample and ran



tests, then came to the realization that they had used kangaroo blood instead of shark blood in the cure, and that's why it didn't work. They had to alter the cure, but it would take a few days. Until then, they had to keep Billy in sight. They went to check on him until they realized. He was gone...



Chapter 7



Billy hopped through the town, stumbling and falling, trying to adjust to his new ‘legs’. He was confused and scared, in a panic he made quick decisions, not thinking about the consequences. He hopped hastily over roads and tracks, and even over cars. People stared at him in horror as he passed, wondering what had happened. He raced through the bush but tripped over and fell into a large muddy ditch.

“Oh my gosh, my leg!” Billy exclaimed, panic was setting in. He suddenly put together what happened; he was in complete shock.

“How did this happen?” He panicked.

He realised he had to go back to Dr. Craig to get it fixed, it was the only way. He began to stand up and looked around. As he began hopping back, he felt sand on his paws. He glanced around and listened. He was on the track leading to the beach. He remembered the competition, and started to think, *Oh my gosh, the competition's today! I can't believe I forgot... I can still make it, right?*

He started racing along the sandy trail, but suddenly he remembered the scientists. He couldn't compete like this; it would be impossible. He started hopping back and forth, contemplating what to do. He decided to go back to the scientists.

He hopped back through the track and found himself stuck in the middle of the forest. He looked around, his legs muddy and his face drenched with sweat; he wasn't used to hopping around and it sure was demanding work. He looked around and hopped wearily through the trees. He was panicking, wondering if he would be able to make it to the scientists and back to the competition in time. He heard his name being called in the distance, the voices sounded agitated and tired. He was wondering if he should call out, or if he should just go back to the beach. He heard



the voices getting closer and he lay low in the bush. His tail started poking out of the long grass and he panicked as he tried to hide it.

“BILLYY- HEY! BILLY! STOP RIGHT THERE!”

One of the scientists had spotted Billy from his hiding place. He heard footsteps thumping towards him, there must have been hundreds. He made a snap decision to run, he feared being taken away forever. He started hopping quickly through the trees until he found a large shed and hid behind a water tank with a beehive sticking out of it. He felt the ground shaking as a flood of scientists ran ahead.

He waited for about 5 minutes, until they were gone, before he finally decided to quickly run out to the beach. He started carefully tracking his steps back to the beach until he heard a voice calling out.

“Guys come on... Wait up!” A familiar voice spluttered out tiredly.

Billy's heart started racing, and face went cold. He turned around and met Dr. Craig's tired grey eyes.

“Billy? Is that you?” Dr. Craig squinted through his rectangle glasses, now filled with steam from his hot head.



“Billy, what are you doing? Come with me please, we can fix this.” Dr. Craig pleaded desperately.

“What's the time?” Billy questioned.

“Billy, you're clearly confused, come with me.” Dr. Craig said.

“No, no, no, I'm not confused. What's the time?” Billy asked sternly.

“Well, it's 1:32pm Billy.” Dr. Craig said confused.

“Dr, listen to me please. I have a surfing competition today and I must compete, kangaroo or not. Please let me go. I'll do anything.” Billy pleaded with him.

“Okay, Billy. You can compete. But you must come get cured after.”

Dr. Craig pulled out a small device, and pressed a small read button and muttered something Billy couldn't hear into it. Then they were off to the competition. They tracked through the bush, and when they finally made it to the beach, Billy took a deep breath and stepped onto the beach.



Chapter 8



Billy bounced up to the beach. Surfers lined up everywhere and music was being played. *I feel at home.* He thought. He stood up straight. A winning smile on his face.

“Yes, everyone it’s me the one and only, BILLY BANKS” he yelled.

Everyone stared at him, then it hit him, he was a kangaroo. He tried to play the part, but continued walking. Billy heard people laughing at him in the crowd. For a minute he considered dropping out. *How is a kangaroo supposed to surf?* Then Billy remembered, *I am Billy Banks, I can do this, this comp is going to be a piece of cake.* Billy clutched his surfboard and walked into position on the seaside. *Everyone is watching me* Billy got flashbacks of the shark attack.

Billy slowly paddled out to catch a wave, the nerves were slowly getting to Billy. Then Billy closed his eyes and thought of his lucky clover on his surfboard and his lucky duck shorts. *They are my good luck charms* he thought. ‘Whoosh’

I absolutely nailed my first wave! “Whoa” Billy yelled “I caught my first wave, and it was a good one too!”

Billy caught onto his next wave. The crowd was cheering, and the judges looked very impressed! Billy looked down.

“MY SHORTS!” He yelled. Billys shorts were floating in the water, Billy was so embarrassed he quickly grabbed them and tied them around his waist.



Billy paddled back out to the surface. The judges were amazed! Billy was amazed! He walked back to watch the others, they were pretty good, *the judges have a tough decision to make*, Billy thought. It was time, the decision was made... Billy wondered who had won.

“- And the first place goes to BILLY BANKS!” the commentator screamed; Billy walked up to the podium. He got handed a trophy; everyone was looking at Billy amazed with his achievement. A kangaroo had won the surfing competition! Everyone started chanting Billy’s name.

“BILLY BANKS! BILLY BANKS! BILLY BANKS!”



Chapter 9



All that could be heard was the roaring crowd, hundreds of people standing in front of Billy after he had won the competition. He couldn't believe it. Not only did he win, but he won as a kangaroo. He held his trophy up, a proud smile plastered on his face. The radio presenter walked up to the podium.

“Billy, how do you feel? I mean you must be so proud of yourself. Despite your current form, I think we can all say that we could not be more impressed with your impeccable skills on the board.”

Billy knew he needed to respond, but he wasn't sure if he could talk English.

“I'm so honored to have won the competition today” Billy replied with a smile.



He was super surprised that he could talk English. After the presentation was done, the radio presenter turned scientist and pulled Billy off to the side. “Billy, I have the cure to turn you back into a human!” Dr. Craig exclaimed. He held up a vile filled with a **ruby**-red substance. Billy was ecstatic. It had been days since he had eaten at his favorite restaurant or was able to walk into his home without scaring Buddy. He had no second thoughts as Dr. Craig poured the liquid down his throat. Billy almost instantly transformed back into his human self. He missed his blond matted hair. He also missed his lucky surfing shorts, which were not able to be worn due to the state they were in.

The next day Billy decided to go for a surf now that he was back in his human body. He stopped in at the Pearl Seaside Café to grab a smoothie. After he was done, he left the café and began his walk down to the beach. He caught some amazing waves and even rode diagonally across a few waves. He did wonder though how it would be if he stayed a kangaroo. He knew that wouldn't be an option though, so he lived his life to the best of his potential and never lost a surfing competition. Dr. Craig stopped working on creating animal bite cures and the pair continued their friendship for the rest of time.



Epilogue

Billy Banks became the most well-known name in the country. He became an Olympic gold medalist at the 1976 Summer Olympics in Montreal. He signed promotions with Rip Curl, bringing out his own line of Surfing Safety, which featured rubber ducks on them, in memory of his beloved surfing shorts.

He went on to prove his family wrong and they couldn't be prouder. He donated thousands of dollars to his old university to provide more budget funds for marine research. He also helped Craig start his own company that specializes in radio presenting, as well as sports commentary. Together, Billy and Craig created their own foundation which helps raise awareness for children with cancer, and together they have raised millions of dollars to fund cancer research to hopefully find a cure for cancer, even if it may not be in their lifetime. Their friendship stayed alive forever and Billy Bank's legacy lived on for years after his passing.



BLURB:

Billy is a 21-year-old surfer who NEVER loses. A new contest is announced, and Billy decides to enter. He is nervous but confident until a terrible accident happens.

What will happen when the cure backfires?!

